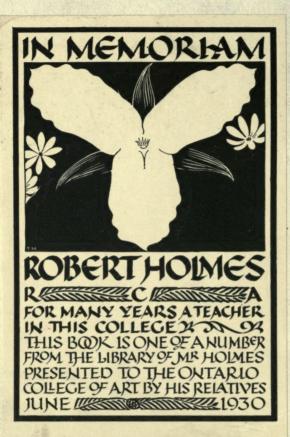
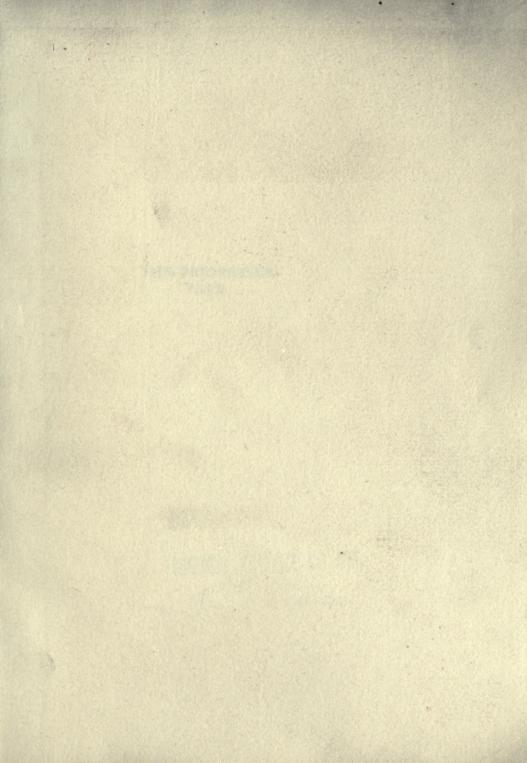
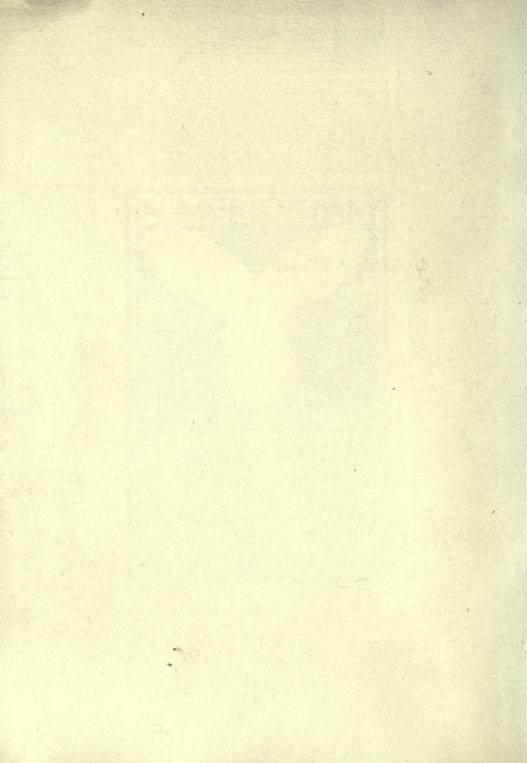


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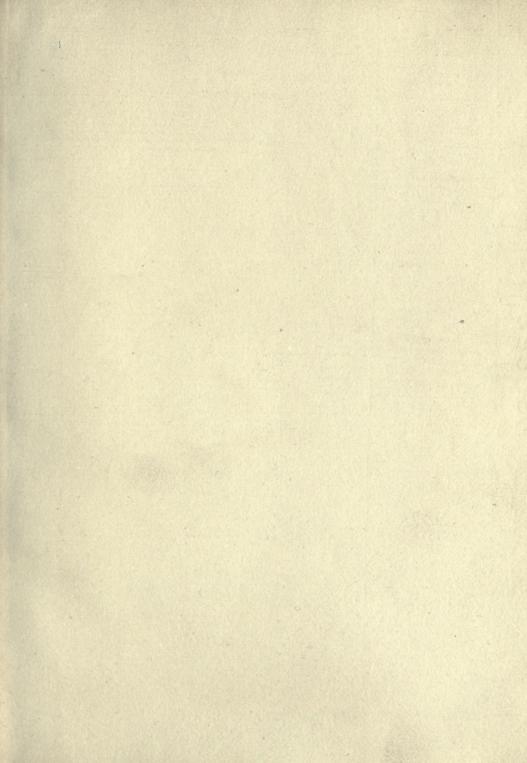


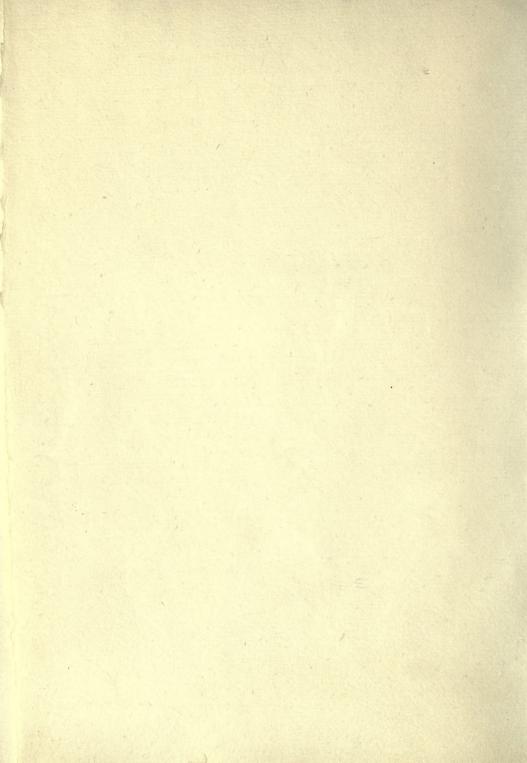


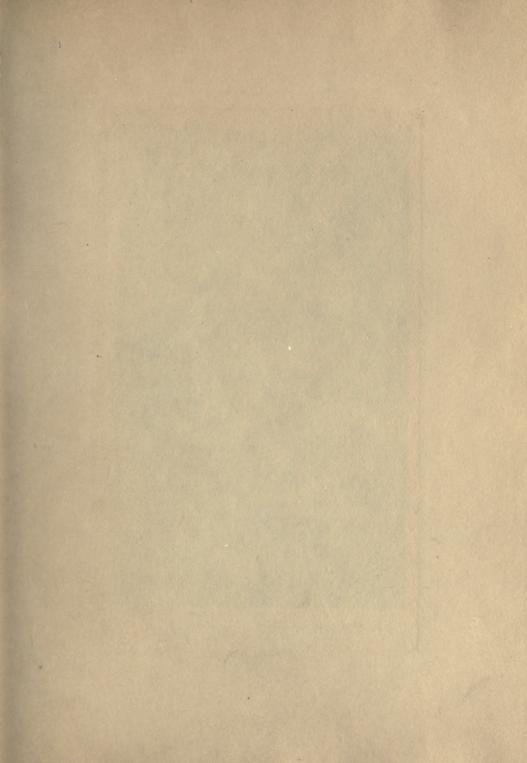
THE PRIORESSES

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART 100 Mecaul ST. TORONTO 28, ONTARIO THE PRIORESSES TALE

HE TO THE EXCEPTION









Me thoughte she layde a greyn under my longue The Prioresses Tale.

THE PRIORESSES TALE

FROM THE
CANTERBURY TALES
BY
GEOFFREY CHAUCER



A. C. CURTIS GUILDFORD

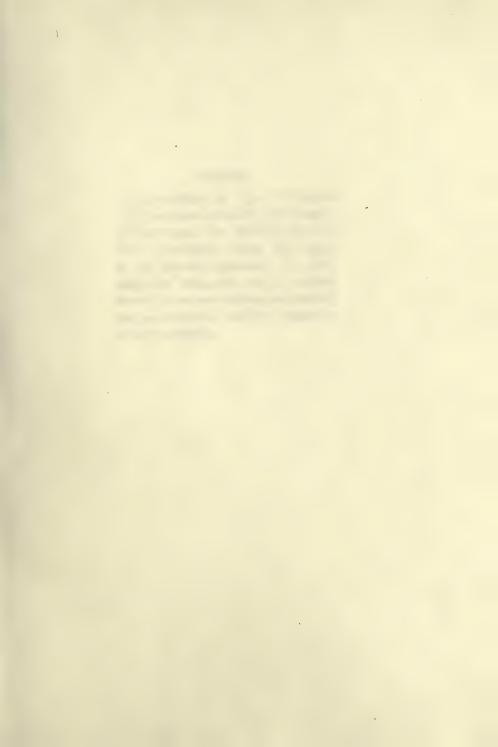
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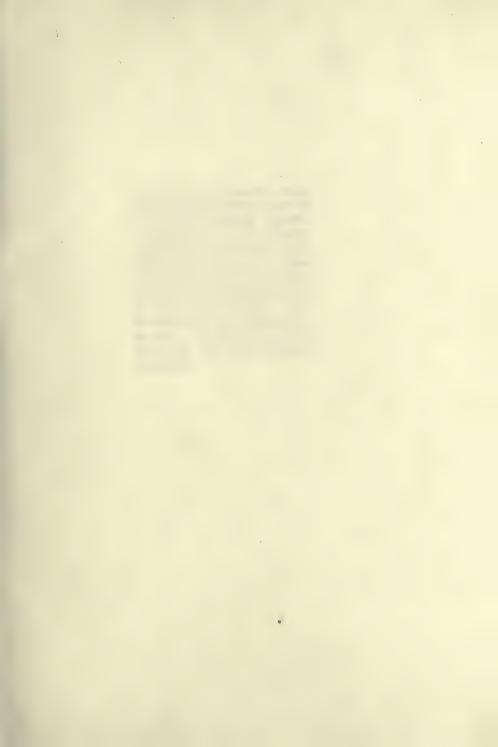


NOTE

This edition of the Prioresses
Tale has been carefully and exactly
revised from the Harleian MS of
The Canterbury Tales, No. 7334,
in the British Museum; the only
additions being the use of capital
letters for sacred, and proper names,
the punctuation, and the insertion
of sub-headings.

STOW

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OF THE PRIORESSES TALE THEREHAVE BEENPRINTED AT THE ASTOLAT PRESS, GUILDFORD, OCTOBER, NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO, ONE HUNDRED COPIES UPON JAPANESE VELLUM AND FIVE HUNDRED COPIES UPON ARNOLD'S UNBLEACHED HANDMADE PAPER. NEITHER EDITION WILL AT ANY TIME BE REPRINTED.

Appending to the second second





THE HOSTS PROLOGUE



EL sayd by corpus dominus' quod oure host,

' Now longe mot thou sayle by the cost,

Sir gentil maister, gentil mariner.

God yive the monk a thousand last quade yer.

Ha ha! felaws bewar for such a jape!

The monk put in the mannes hood an ape,
And in his wyves eek, by seint Austyn.

Draweth no monkes more unto your In.

But now pas over, and let us loke aboute,

Who schal telle first, of al this route,
Another tale', and with that word he sayde,
As curteisly as it had been a mayde,

'My lady Prioresse, by your leve

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THE PRIORESSES TALE

So that I wiste I scholde yow not greve,
I wolde deme that ye telle scholde
A tale next, if so were that ye wolde.
Now wol ye vouch sauf, my lady deere?'
Gladly, quod sche, and sayd in this manere.

THE PRIDRESSES PROLDSIE

Domine, Dominus nogter.



LORD oure lord, thy name how merveylous

Is in this large world y-sprad quod sche,

Ffor nought oonly thy laude precious Parformed is by men of heih degre, But by mouthes of children thy bounte Parformed is, on oure brest soukynge Som tyme shewed thay thin heriynge.

Wherfore in laude, as I best can or may,
Of the, and of thy whyte lily flour,
Which that the bar, and is a mayde alway,
To telle a storie I wil do my labour;
Nought that I may encreste your honour,
Ffor sche hir-silf is honour, and the roote
Of bounte, next hir sone, and soules boote.

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THE PRIORESSES TALE

O modir mayde! o mayde mooder fre,
O bussh unbrent, brennyng in Moises sight,
That ravysshedest doun fro the deite,
Thurgh thin humblesse, the gost that in the alighte
Of whos vertu, he in thin herte sight,
Conceyved was the fadres sapience,
Help me to telle it in thy reverence!

Lady! thi bounte and thy magnificence,
Thy vertu, and thi gret humilite,
Ther may no tonge expres in no science;
Ffor som tyme, lady, er men pray to the,
Thow gost biforn of thy benignite,
And getist us the light, thurgh thy prayere,
To gyden us the way to thy sone so deere.

My connyng is so weyk, o blisful queene,
For to declare thy grete worthinesse,
That I may not this in my wyt susteene,
But as a child of twelf month old, or lesse,
Than can unnethes eny word expresse,
Right so fare I, and therfor I you pray,
Endith my song that I shal of yow say.

THE PRIDRESSES TALE



HERE was in Acy, in a greet citee,
Amonges Cristen folk, a Jewerye,
Susteyned by a lord of that

contre

Ffor foul usure, and lucre of felonye,
Hateful to Crist, and to his compaignye;
And thurgh the strete men mighte ride and wende,
Ffor it was fre, and open at everich ende.

A litel scole of Cristen folk ther stood
Doun at the forther ende, in which ther were
Children an heep, y-comen of Cristes blood,
That lered in that scole yer by yere,
Such maner doctrine as men used there,
This is to say, to synge, and to rede,
As smale childer doon in her childhede.

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THE PRIORESSES TALE

Among these children was a wydows sone,
A litel clergeon that seve yer was of age,
That day by day to scole was his wone,
And eek also, wher-so he saugh th'ymage
Of Cristes moder, had he in usage,
As him was taught, to knele a-doun and say
His Abe Abaria, as he goth by the way.

Thus hath this widow hir litel child y-taught Oure blisful lady, Cristes moder deere, To worship ay, and he forgat it nought, Ffor cely child wil alway soone leere; But ay, whan I remembre of this matiere, Seint Nicholas stont ever in my presence, Ffor he so yong to Crist dede reverence.

This litil child, his litel book lernynge,
As he sat in the scole at his primere,
He, D Alma redemptoris, herde synge,
As children lerned her antiphonere;
And, as he durst, he drough hem ner and neere,
And herkned ever the wordes and the note,
Til he the firste vers couthe al by rote.

THE PRIORESSES TALE

Nought wist he what this Latyn was to say, Ffor he so yong and tender was of age, But on a day, his felaw gan he pray To expoune him the song in his langage, Or telle him what this song was in usage, This prayd he him to construe and declare Fful often tyme upon his kneës bare.

His felaw, which that elder was than he,
Answerd him thus: 'this song, I have herd seye,
Was maked of our blisful lady fre,
Hire to saluen, and eek hire for to preye
To ben our help and socour whan we deye.
I can no more expoune in this matere,
I lerne song, I can no more gramer.'

'And is this song y-maad in reverence
Of Cristes moder?' sayde this Innocent;
'Now certes, I wol do my diligence
'To conne it al, er Cristemasse be went;
Though that I for my primer schal be schent,
And schal be betyn thries in an hour,
I wol it conne, oure lady to honoure.'

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His felaw taughte him homward prively,
From day by day, til he couthe it by rote,
And than he song it wel and boldely,
Twyes on the day it passed thurgh his throte,
From word to word, acordyng to the note;
To scoleward and homward whan he went,
On Cristes moder was set al his entent.

As I have sayd, thurghout the Jewrye,
This litel child, as he cam to and fro,
Fful merily than wold he synge, and crie

Alma redemptoris—ever mo.
The swetnes hath his herte perced so
Of Cristes moder, that to hir to pray,
He can not stynt of syngyng by the way.

Our firste foo, the serpent Sathanas,
That hath in Jewes hert his waspis nest,
Up swal, and sayde, 'O Eebreik peple, allas!
Is this a thing to yow that is honest,
That such a boy schal walken as him lest
In youre despyt, and synge of such sentence,
Which is agens your lawes reverence?'

Fro thennes forth the Jewes han conspired
This Innocent out of this world to enchace;
An homicide ther-to han thay hired,
That in an aley had a prive place;
And as the childe gan forth by to pace,
This false Jewe him hent and huld ful faste,
And kut his throte, and threw him in atte laste.

I say in a wardrobe, thay him threw
Wher-as the Jewes purgen her entraile.
O cursed folk! O Herodes al newe!
What may your evyl entente you availe?
Morther wol out, certeyn, it wol nought faile,
And namly ther th'onour of God schuld sprede,
The blood out crieth on your cursed dede.

'O martir, soudit to virginite,
Now maystow synge, folwyng ever in oon
The white lamb celestial,' quod sche,
'Of which the grete evangelist, seint John,
In Pathmos wroot, which seith that thay goon
Bifore the lamb, and synge a song al newe,
'That never, fleishly, wommen thay knewe.'

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This pore widowe wayteth al this night,
After this litel child, but he cometh nought;
Ffor which, as soone as it was dayes light,
With face pale in drede and busy thought,
Sche hath, at scole and elles-wher him sought,
Til fynally she gan of hem aspye
That he was last seyn in the Jewerie.

With moodres pite in hir brest enclosed,
Sche goth, as sche were half out of hir mynde,
To every place wher sche hath supposed
By liklihede hir child for to fynde;
And ever on Cristes mooder meke and kynde
Sche cried, and atte laste thus sche wrought,
Among the cursed Jewes she him sought.

Sche freyned and she prayed pitously
To every Jew that dwelled in that place,
To telle hir, if hir child wente ther-by.
Thay sayde 'nay'; but Jesu, of his grace
Yaf in hir thought, withinne a litel space,
That in that place after her sone sche cryde,
Wheras he was cast in a pit besyde.

O grete God that parformedist thin laude By mouth of Innocents, lo here thy might! This gemme of chastite, this emeraude, And eek of martirdom the ruby bright, Ther he with throte y-kut lay upright, He Alma redemptoris gan to synge So lowde, that al the place bigan to rynge.

The Cristen folk, that thurgh the strete went, In comen, for to wonder upon this thing, And hastily for the provost thay sent He cam anoon withoute tarying, And heriede Crist that is of heven kyng, And eek his moder, honour of mankynde, And after that, the Jewes let he bynde.

This child with pitous lamentacion Up-taken was, synging his song alway, And with honour of gret procession, Thay caried him unto the next abbay. His modir swownyng by the beere lay; Unnethe might the peple that was there, This newe Rachel bringe fro the beere.

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With torment and with schamful deth echon, This provost doth these Jewes for to sterve, That of this moerder wist; and that anoon, He wolde no such cursednesse observe. 'Evel schal have, that evyl wol deserve.' Therfore with wilde hors he dide hem drawe, And after that he heng hem by the lawe.

Upon his beere ay lith this Innocent,
Biforn the chief auter, whiles the masse last,
And after that, th' abbot with his covent
Hath sped him for to burie him ful fast;
And whan thay haly water on him cast,
Yet spak this child, whan spreynde was the water,
And song—® Alma redemptoris mater.

This abbot, which that was an holy man,
As monkes ben, or elles oughte be,
This yonge child to conjure he bigan,
And sayd, 'O deere child, I halse thee,
In vertu of the holy Trinite,
Tel me what is thy cause for to synge,
Sith that thy throte is kit, at my semynge?'

'My throte is kit unto my nekke boon,'
Sayde this child, 'and, as by way of kynde,
I schulde ha ben deed long tyme agoon,
But Jesu Crist, as ye in bookes fynde,
Wol that his glorie laste and be in mynde;
And, for the worship of his moder deere,
Yet may I synge, D Alma, loude and cleere.

This welle of mercy, Cristes moder swete,
I loved alway, as after my connynge;
And whan that I my lyf schulde leete,
To me sche cam, and bad me for to synge
This antym verraily in my deyinge,
As ye have herd, and, whan that I had songe,
Me thought, she layde a grayn under my tonge.

Wherfor I synge, and synge moot certeyne, In honour of that blisful mayden fre, Til fro my tonge taken is the greyne.
And after that thus saide she to me,
'My litil child, now wol I fecche thee,
Whan that the grayn is fro thi tonge y-take,
Be nought agast, I wol thee nought forsake.'

This holy monk, this abbot, him mene I,
His tonge out-caught, and took awey the greyn,
And he yaf up the gost ful softely.
And whan the abbot had this wonder seyn,
His salte teres striken down as reyn,
And gruf he fel a-down unto the grounde,
And stille he lay as he had ben y-bounde.

The covent eek lay on the pavyment
Wepyng, and herying Cristes moder deere,
And after that thay rise, and forth thay went,
And took away this martir fro his beere,
And in a tombe of marble stoones cleere
Enclosed thay his litil body sweete;
Ther he is now, God leve us for to meete.



YOUNGE Hugh of Lincoln, slayn also
With cursed Jewes, as it is
notable,
For it nys but a litel while ago,
Pray, eek for us, we synful folk

unstable;

That, of his mercy, God so merciable On us his grete mercy multiplie, For reverence of his modir Marie.

Amen.







ACY, Asia.
AGASTE, aghast, terrified.
AGENS, against.
AGON, gone away.
AL, all, every.
ALEY, alley.
ANTIPHONER, anthembook.
ANTYM, anthem.
AUTER, altar.

BERE, to bear.
BESYDE, beside.
BETYN, beaten.
BIFORN, before.
BOON, bone.
BOUNTE, goodness, bounty.
BRENTE, burnt.
BRENNYNGE, burning.
BREST, breast.

CELY, good.
CLERGEON, chorister.
CONNE, to know.
CONNYNGE, knowing, learning.
COUTHE, could.
COVENT, convent.
CRISTEMASSE, Christmas.
CURTEISLY, courteously.

DAR, dare.
DEED, dead.
DEERE, dear.
DEME, demand, ask.
DESPYT, despite, contempt.
DEYE, die.
DEYINGE, death.
DORSTE, durst.
DROUGH, drew.

ECHON, each-one.
EEK, also, moreover.
ELLES-WHER, elsewhere.
EMERAUDE, emerald.
ENCRESTE, increase.
ENDITH, endite, dictate.
ENTENTE, intent, intention.
ENY, any.
ER, ere, before.
EVERICH, every.
EVER-MO, ever more, always.
EXPOUNE, expound, explain.

FADER, FADRE, father FAILLE, failure (without,) fail. FECCHE, fetch. FERTHER, further. FELAWE, companion (play) fellow.

FOO, foe. FORBY, by, past. FREYNETH, pleadeth. FRO, from, out of.

GAN, went.
GENTIL, gentle.
GOOST, goest.
GOST, ghost, spirit.
GREVE, grieve.
GREYN, grain, corn.
GRUF, grovellingly.
GYDE, direct, guide.

HALSE, beseech.
HAVEN, to have, HAN, had.
HENTE, caught.
HEIH, high.
HEM, them, him.
HERIES, praise.
HERIEST, worshippest.
HERTE, heart.
HERYINGE, praising.
HIR, their.
HIR, ber, to her.
HOMWARD, homeward.
HULD, held.

JAPE, jest. JEWERYE, Jew's Quarter.

KNOWE, know.

LAUDE, praise. LERE, to teach, to learn. LEST, LIST, pleases. LEETE, lose. LEVE, leave. LYKLIHEDE, likelihood.

MANNES, man's.
MAYSTOW, mayest thou.
MERVEILLOUS, marvellous.
MODER, MODRE, mother.
MORDRE, murder.
MORTHER, murder.
MOOT, must, mayest, might.

NAT, not.
NE, not.
NEWE, Al newe, afresh.
NEKKE, neck.
NIS, not.
NOLDE, would not.
NOUGHT, not, by no means.

OON, one, Ever in oon, Ever alike.

PARFOURMEDEST, performs, perfects. PERCED, pierced. PORE, poor. PRIVELY, secretly. PRIVETEB, privacy. PURGEN, purge. evacuate.

QUADE, bad. QUOD, quoth.

RAVYSSHEDEST, didst draw down. REYN, rain. ROOTE, root.



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SALUE, salute. SAPIENCE, wisdom. SAUGH, saw. SCHENT, shamed, disgraced. SCOLEWARD, schoolward. SEINT, saint. SEVE, seven. SEYE, say. SEYD, said. SMALE, small. SOCOUR, succour, help SONE, son. SOONE, soon. SOUDIT, confirmed, dedicated. SOUKINGE, sucking. SPRAD, spread. SPREDE, to spread. SPREYNDE, sprinkled. STANT, stood. STONDE, stand. SWAL, swelled.

TERE, tear. THE, thee. THEN, than. THENNES, thence. THOGHT, anxiety. TONGE, tongue.

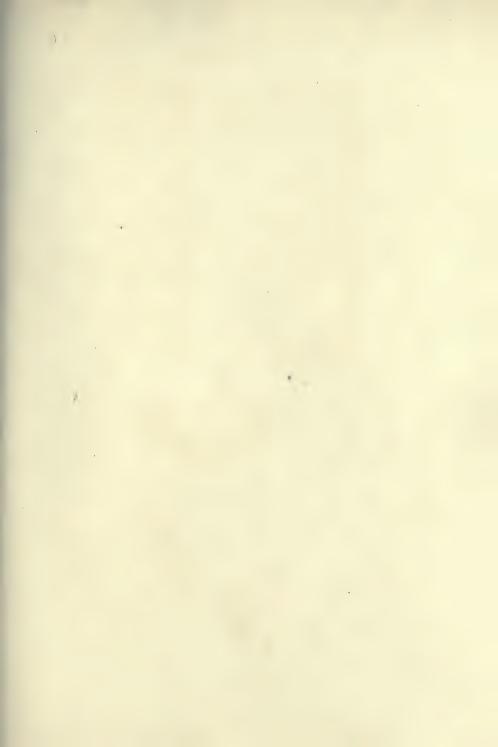
THRIES, thrice. THROTE, throat. THURGH, through. TWYES, twice.

UNNETHES, scarcely. USAGE, custom.

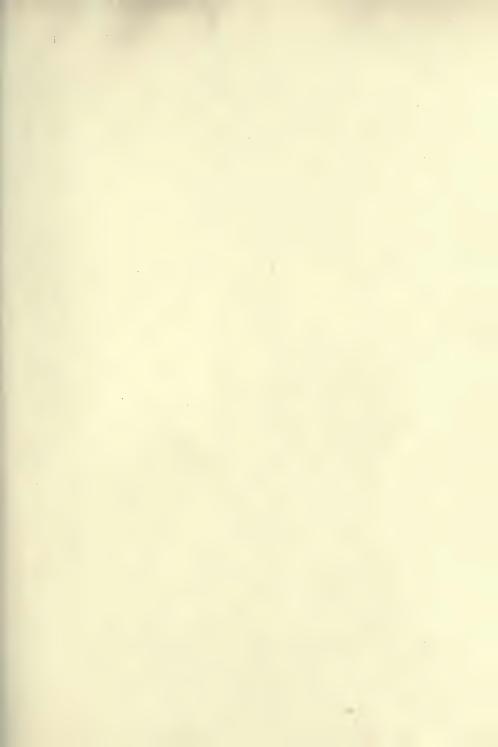
VOUCHE-SAUF, vouchsafe. WARDROBE, privy. WAYK, weak. WEL, well. WERCHE, to work. WHAN, when. WITEN, to know. WISTE, knew. WOL, (I) will, Wolde, would. WROOTE, wrote. WROGHTE, wrought. WYVES, wife's.

YAF, YEVE, YIF, give. Y-CORVEN, cut. YEERE, year. Y-SPRAD, spread. YVEL, evil.

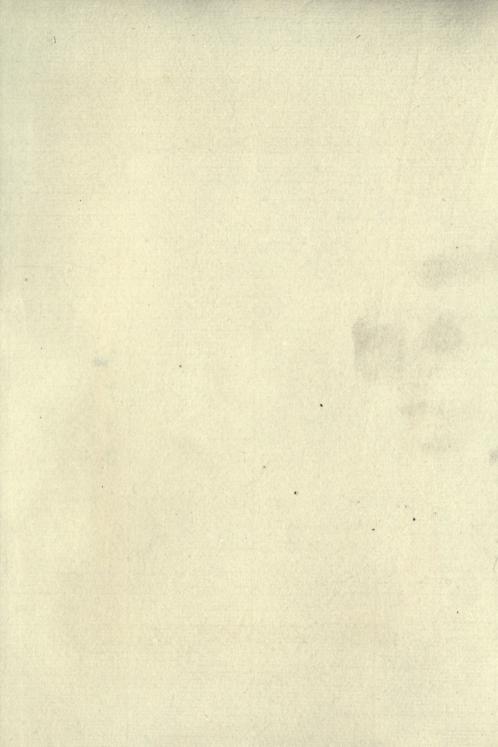












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PR CHAUCER, GEOFF-1868 REY, P6 THE PRIORESSES C7 TALE.

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